

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

VOLUME 3. NO. 57

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, 11 JULY, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 109

The Teacher's Institute Edition

Our Greeting to Morgan's Teachers

Teachers of Morgan county, the COURIER welcomes you to West Liberty! We recognize and appreciate the magnitude of your work and the possibilities of your labor. Yours is indeed a profession fraught with grave responsibilities, and we trust that you will enter the school room next week determined to do you best. We believe that you will.

In your work the COURIER has a lively interest, and will be glad to co-operate with you in every way. The idea of making this issue an Institute number came to us too late to communicate with you and ask your aid in the preparation, and it is not all that we could wish. However, Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, County Superintendent of Rowan county, and our own County Superintendent Barker, contributed excellent articles, for which we heartily thank them.

But we are glad of our effort. Accept it in the spirit it is tendered, and perhaps many times in the future we can co-operate and make the COURIER an aid in your work. Our work is along similar lines and we should pull together.

Accept this copy with our compliments.

The Public School and the Press.

BY CORA WILSON STEWART.

The two greatest forces of the nation are the public school and the press. Though all other be at variance the teacher and the editor should be firm friends. Their interdependence on each other is so great that it is difficult to determine which most needs the other, but it is an assured fact that a closer alliance between the two would make both invulnerable.

Where the public school leaves off educating the individual the press begins. While many of the graduates of the public school may never enter college or university, most of them will become students in that great university—the newspaper. Therefore, the press profits more by the efficiency of the public school than does any other institution.

Education is the greatest friend of the press, and illiteracy is its most powerful foe, so the newspaper which encourages and advocates and advertises the public school is only fostering and developing its mightiest source of power. The newspaper has an opportunity to materially advance the interests of the school, and to give it support which it can draw from no other source. The newspaper owes not only to the school interests, which are by long odds the most general and the most important of all interests, but it owes it to itself to open at least one of its columns weekly to reports of educational progress in the county. Some of the most progressive counties in the State have failed to secure even a passing recognition of their worthy efforts because of the failure of their local newspaper to inform the public of the work which was being accomplished. The public school, about which all other interests of the Commonwealth are interwoven, has

a just claim to space in the paper in the State. The teacher must realize his greater responsibility in education, and support the school. He should not only seek to introduce it into the school, but should also seek to introduce it into the homes and into the schools and into the hearts and minds of the pupils and patrons that too, when perhaps neither

of the newspaper. Mutual support and helpfulness will promote the welfare of both the public school and the press. Let both recognize this fact, and begin to-day to aid and advance each other.

Teachers, Cooperate.

BY T. N. BARKER.

To the teachers of Morgan county, this is Institute week and next week our schools will begin.

The question that is interesting me at present is: "are we better prepared for the work than we were last year?" I feel that we are and that we have a greater determination to succeed than last year. Though 25 per cent of our teachers are beginners, yet they have been well trained in the Normal Schools of the county or State and are of a high class of young ladies and gentlemen, and I am expecting much of them this year. I believe that Morgan county has as high a class of teachers if not the highest, of any county in the State. Seventy per cent of our teachers have normal training the other 30 per cent are teachers of long experience.

We have a better class of buildings, better furniture, a better class of trustees and a better class of teachers.

And still there is room for much improvement. I want the teachers and trustees in each district in the county to select one boy with an incentive for farming for the Corn Club. That would give us 80 boy-farmers. Select a boy who can get as much as one acre of ground, and who is willing to prepare it properly and learn all he can about raising corn, and we soon will quit shipping corn into Morgan county.

I would like for each teacher to take their county paper so they can keep themselves and school informed as to what is going on in the rest of the schools of the county.

There will be some interesting article each week on the schools and conduct and about the Supervisors and how the Enforced Attendance law is working. The Supervisor will visit each school in his territory sometime during the term and teach for at least one week, hence the necessity of keeping in touch with each other in regard to those matters. It is only by cooperation with every force and every influence that makes for the advancement of education and the betterment of society that we as teachers can hope to reach the full fruition of our labor.

Something New Under the Moon.

The above was the subject of a lecture delivered to a large audience at the court house Tuesday evening by Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, Superintendent of Schools of Rowan county, noticed educator and lecturer. Lack of space forbids us to give as full account of the lecture as we would like, suffice it to say that the subject, though susceptible of many constructions, as Mrs. Stewart told us, related directly to the moonlight, or night schools, of Rowan county, founded by her about a year ago. Even to those of us who were familiar with the workings of the moonlight schools from the many favorable press reports throughout the state, the lecture was a revelation and an almost solidly for Judge Kirk.

Mr. Blakely's reception in this county was somewhat frosty, due to the fact that Morgan county Republicans are mostly of the standpat variety and almost solidly for Judge Kirk.

Mrs. J. T. Gevedon, of Pikeville, is visiting her son, W. H. Gevedon.

the parent nor grandparent could read nor write.

This movement is destined to become State, age, nation wide and having its origin in the mountains of Kentucky it ought to be, and is, deeply gratifying to our people.

Mrs. Stewart has already accomplished great things for the cause of education in the south, but her career of usefulness is just beginning. Imbued with an intense love for her work; thoroughly equipped by nature and by research, she occupies a high position in the educational councils of the country, and the people of Morgan county were fortunate in having an opportunity to hear her.

Judge Hays Speaks.

Hon. J. Smith Hays, Winchester, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Appellate Judge of the 7th district, was here Monday, and while he was not billed to make a speech his friends insisted that he speak anyhow. They were anxious to know if the Clark County jurist was able to meet the Republican nominee, whoever he may be, on the issues of the campaign this fall. Those of us who knew Judge Hays and had heard him speak were already thoroughly satisfied on that point and those who had

known him were fully as well satisfied after they had met him and heard him speak. Judge Hays is one of the leading attorneys of the Eastern Kentucky bar, he is a native of Knox county in the 11th Congressional district and knows these people as well or better than any other man in the 7th Appellate district. He is not only well but favorable known throughout the entire district and his nomination would bring to the Democratic ticket many a vote this fall that has heretofore voted the straight Republican ticket. Speaking from the standpoint of legal ability Judge Hays ought to have this nomination. From the standpoint availability there is nothing else for the Democrats to do but to give it to him. Notwithstanding the fact that this district is largely Republican recent developments in that party have made it possible for a Democrat to win in November.

The Standpat Republicans and the progressive wing of that party are further apart than were the Gorillas and Jayhawkers of ante-bellum days. Will they patch up their differences? No! Then we have a chance to win and Judge Hays is the man to "tote" our standard.

Blakely Fills Appointment.

Hon. Theodore B. Blakely, of Beattyville who wants to be the Republican nominee for Appellate Judge of the 7th district, and whose announcement to speak appeared in the Courier several weeks ago, was here Monday to tell his story. Mr. Blakely confined himself principally to the issues between him and Judge A. J. Kirk, of Paintsville, his only opponent for the nomination. He said, in the course of his remarks that he was progressive, but the general tone of his speech didn't leave that impression.

Mr. Blakely's reception in this county was somewhat frosty, due to the fact that Morgan county Republicans are mostly of the standpat variety and almost solidly for Judge Kirk.

Many a good deed has been spoiled by being done at the wrong time.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE FRANKFORT, KY.

To the Clerk of the Morgan County Court:

This is to certify that the following persons have qualified as candidates for Appellate Judge in the Seventh Appellate District subject to the action of the Republican party at the Primary Election to be held on Saturday, August 3, 1912:

Theo. B. Blakely, Beattyville, Ky. Andrew J. Kirk, Paintsville, Ky.

You will cause the names of said candidates to be placed on the Republican primary ballot in the order above named for said election under the emblem, a log cabin.

This is to certify that the following persons have qualified as candidates for Appellate Judge in the Seventh Appellate District subject to the action of the Democratic party at the Primary Election to be held on Saturday, August 3, 1912:

J. Smith Hays, Winchester, Ky. C. C. Turner, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

You will cause the names of said candidates to be placed on the Democratic primary ballot in the order above named for said election under the emblem, a log cabin.

This is to certify that the following persons have qualified as candidates for Congress in the Ninth Congressional District subject to the action of the Republican party at the Primary election to be held on Saturday, August 3, 1912:

E. S. Hitchens, Olive Hill, Ky. Harry Bailey, Cynthiana, Ky.

You will cause the names of said candidates to be placed on the Republican primary ballot in the order above named for said election under the emblem, a game chicken cock.

This is to certify that the following person has qualified as a candidate for Congress in the Ninth Congressional District subject to the action of the Democratic party at the Primary Election to be held on Saturday, August 3, 1912:

W. J. Fields, Olive Hill, Ky.

You will cause the name of said candidate to be placed on the Democratic primary ballot for said election under the emblem, a game chicken cock.

Witness my hand this 29th day of June, 1912.

C. F. CRECELIUS,
Secretary of State.

Fourth of July at Cannel City.

The 4th of July celebration at Cannel City was one of the best conducted affairs of the kind ever held in the county. There was

but very little drinking and the best of order prevailed throughout. The amusements provided for the visitors were clean and up-to-date. The crowd was immense and the management is to be congratulated upon the manner in which the festivities were conducted.

Give Your School a Name.

Teachers, name your schools i.e., give them appropriate names, not some meaningless term suggestive only of the locality of the school house. You can easily think of some fitting name that will appeal to the pupils and parents alike, make them proud of their school and at the same time raise your stock of teaching ability several points above fair in their estimation. Try it.

Too Bad.
Many a good deed has been spoiled by being done at the wrong time.

Local and Personal.

J. W. Perry, of Yocom was here Monday on business.

D. M. Murphy, of Ezel, was in town on business Monday.

Sam Metzger, of Salversville, visited friends in town last week.

Miss Hazel Carter who has malarial fever, is reported better.

John Tom Barker, of Crockett, was a Monday visitor at our office.

Atty. W. M. Gardner was at Lexington on legal business this week.

B. R. Keaton, of Relief, was in town Monday attending County Court.

Deputy Sheriff, T. J. Perry, of Blaze, attended County Court Monday.

Jas. Oney, of White Oak, was a pleasant caller at our shop Monday.

Esq. E. W. Day, of Grassy, was here on business the first of the week.

Clayton Webb, of Relief, visited his brother Ed Webb Saturday and Sunday.

John M. Lykins, of Grassy Creek, came in to exchange greetings Monday.

John Wilson Hazelrigg, of Mt. Sterling, was here last week visiting relatives and friends.

Daniel Henry spent the 4th at Ashland, Catlettsburg, Huntington and other points north and east.

Isaac Kilgore, of Lenox, came in Monday and ordered the Courier sent to his address for one year.

Mrs. Phoebe Lykins, of White Oak, is visiting her brother, Jas. A. Lacy, whose condition is very critical.

Jas. D. Henry, of Licking River, came in to see us one day last week and renewed his subscription to the Courier.

Wm. Childers, of Maytown, representing Williams & Martin, Grocers, Lexington, was calling on our Merchants Friday.

Randall, little son of County Supt. T. N. Barker, cut his foot very badly by stepping on a piece of broken bottle one day last week.

Edward Watson, of Caney, who has recently received his degree of D. D. S. at Louisville Dental College, was a pleasant caller at our Courier office.

Mrs. Rebecca Collins, who has been here for two or three months returned to her home with C. M. Keyser and family at Mossy Bottom, Wednesday.

The Last Quarterly meeting of this year will be at Goodwins Chapel Saturday and Sunday July 14 and 15. Pres. Elder C. F. Oney will be present.

Miss Mary and Effie Long, of Frenchburg, and Miss Mary Fuggett, of Henry, were visiting in town Monday. The Misses Long have been visiting the family of Jessie Fuggett for some days.

Judge Allen N. Cisco was at Prestonsburg last week engaged in the prosecution of Berry Burton on trial for a change of venue from the Magoffin Circuit Court for killing Sam P'Simer last Christmas.

Charley Keyser, Jr., who has been with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cole, for several weeks left Wednesday for his home at Mossy Bottom. Charley was accompanied by Henry Nickell Seitz who will spend some time visiting the Sandy Valley.

Local and Personal.

On last Saturday the public was given a rare treat at Forks of Elk Fork when Elk Fork Lodge No 755 F. & A. M., and McClain Lodge No 176 K. of P. held a joint celebration. The occasion being the conferring of the Eastern Star degree (which of course was behind closed doors) by the Masonic lodge, and a public installation of officers by the K. of P. Lodge. Dinner was provided free for all who cared to partake. The crowd was large and orderly. Goodfellowship pervaded the entire assemblage and on the whole it was a most enjoyable fraternal and social affair.

According to an exchange New York has a school where young women are taught "scientific mothercraft" as it is termed. That is very well but hasn't the world-be-matron better first lasso the potential father of the kid before she spends so much time studying maternity along scientific lines?

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lykins and little daughter Nancy Elizabeth have returned from Martinsville, Ind., where Mr. Lykins has been under treatment for rheumatism. We are glad to be able to report that his condition is much improved.

Sunday school convention will convene at West Liberty in the Christian church Tuesday July 13th at 10 o'clock.

Everybody invited to come and especially every Sunday School is earnestly requested to send one or more delegates.

Some prominent workers will be there, and you will find encouragement and pleasure in the meetings.

Daniel Henry spent the 4th at Ashland, Catlettsburg, Huntington and other points north and east.

Isaac Kilgore, of Lenox, came in Monday and ordered the Courier sent to his address for one year.

Come bring paper and pencil to take part in the discussions.

A. B. Hale, Pres. Morgan Co. S. S. Con.

Bar Resolutions.

We, the undersigned members of the Bar of the Clark Circuit at Winchester Ky., do hereby heartily endorse J. Smith Hays, who has for many years been a member of this bar since his removal from Barboursville, Ky., where he formerly practiced, in his aspiration and endearment for the honored position of Judge of the Court of Appeals for the Seventh District, and we commend him to our brother lawyers throughout the District as a man of high integrity and long experience in the practice of law and as a Judge who has sat, by agreement, in many important cases in this Court. If chosen for that high Office he will perform his duties as Judge with ability, diligence and integrity. J. M. Benton, B. R. Jouett, J. F. Wink, L. H. Bush, D. L. Pendleton, V. W. Bush, Lewis R. Hampton, Sam A. Jeffries, E. S. Jouett, F. H. Haggard, J. M. Stevenson, B. A. Crutcher, G. V. Wycoff, C. I. Spencer, H. H. Moore, Cole G. Moffett, J. D. Simpson, S. M. Boone, S. T. Davis, T. G. Stuart, Andrew H. Hampton, Jr., W. T. Oney.

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Issued Thursday by
The Morgan County Publishing Co.
Terms—One Dollar a year in advance
All communications should be addressed to the Editor.
Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
H. G. COTTELL, Editor.

Democrats do hate a dull time.

The Democracy chose a Moses—not a Jonah.

Subscribe for the COURIER, Teachers, this means "U."

If Morgan hasn't the best corps of teachers of any mountain county in the state, why not.

A New York Health culture faddist says that to remain beautiful woman should talk to themselves, but those who remain beautiful don't have to.

The south Dakota Republican state convention refused to instruct its delegates for Taft and Sherman. It seems that even with the steam-roller nomination that Mr. Taft may not get the electors in the electoral college from some of the States, even should the Republicans get a majority of the votes in November. The plutocrats have handed Taft only an empty honor. He can't come within a million miles of being elected.

If the COURIER isn't worth \$1.00 a year to you don't take it. We are not asking for charity. We will give you \$2.00 worth for every dollar you spend for subscription.

You are cordially invited to become a subscriber and if you are progressive you will. But don't subscribe unless you will get value received for your money. If you are not broad enough to recognize the advantage to be derived from reaching your home paper we don't want your name on our subscription list. We want thinkers as well as readers. See?

Teachers, are you aware that you are engaged in the noblest profession on earth? Are you sensible of the responsibilities that rest upon you? Do you realize that there is nothing so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child? Have you thought of all these things? Have you seriously considered what it means to have temporary oversight of 40 or 100 little minds? If you have not given this matter serious consideration you have fallen short in the first principle of pedagogy. Ask yourself a serious question along these lines and record the answer truly.

The nomination of Woodrow Wilson by the Baltimore convention assures Democracy of success in November. Wilson is a man of action and safely progressive. His official record as governor of New Jersey proves that he is honest to the core and can not be influenced by the interests. The platform upon which he is running is a clear cut document without any evasions. The only hope that the great masses have is in Wilson and the Democratic party.

To those who look at the situation closely and dispassionately must see that the

GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from this the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reversed in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 3rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

great masses of the people can have no hope of relief from the heavier growing burdens from Taft and the monopoly-controlled Republican party, and no one can have confidence in the progressive Republican element so long as they are dominated by Roosevelt.

So the only hope that is held out to the farmer and the laborer is the election of Wilson and Marshall, and that is as surely certain as mundane affairs can be.

GUMPTION

Which is Common Sense without Educational Fibberwobs.

By L. T. HOVERMALE

Schools and Teachers.

An ancient king once asked a philosopher the question: "What shall we teach our boys?" The sage replied: "Teach them something that will be of use to them as men." That answer is the sum total of the purpose of the school. In this age when

the struggle for existence is so fierce, the better equipping the boys and girls for the battle of life is the paramount intent of our public educational scheme. From this viewpoint I am writing and what I say may displease some, as wholesome truths usually do, but this is a question too momentous to allow temporizing.

The thing that cripples the cause of public education in Kentucky is that we have so few professional teachers, or, to express it more aptly, teaching in this State has not arrived to the dignity of a profession. Few prepare to make teaching a life-work. Ergo, there is a lack of definite purpose, an absence of soul, in the attempt that makes public education almost farcical. Our boys obtain certificates and secure schools in order to earn money to prepare for something else, our girls to be able to buy an elaborate trousseau, and neither have the love for the work nor the realization of responsibility that is necessary to real teaching. Too often it is a despised stepping-stone to the ultimate vocation of life.

Our legislators have been very short-sighted in regard to the public schools. The pay for teaching should be made sufficiently remunerative to attract and hold the best intellects, and the standard elevated and the incompetents weeded out. Those naturally qualified should constitute the profession. I say naturally advisedly, for the mere holding of a first-class certificate is not proof conclusive that the holder can teach. Teachers, like poets and musicians, are born, not made.

Omniscience evidently looked ahead for the boys and girls and so ordained that they would get an education despite the earnest endeavors of some teachers to dwarf their intellects. Otherwise their condition would be pitiable. Teaching is a drawing out, not a filling up. The purpose of the school is to guide and direct the ever growing intellect of childhood, to train the tendrils of thought, as they

Financial Statement of Morgan County

For the year 1911

Special February Term, 1912.

County Claims allowed and payable out of deposition, 1911:

Blevins, A. F., 2 days Fiscal Court	\$ 6 00
Dennis, S. S., 2 days Fiscal Court	3 00
Levle, J. E., 1 day Fiscal Court	3 00
Short, W. G., 2 days Fiscal Court	6 00
Amyx, M. J., Sheriff election	2 56
Adams, T. H., Sheriff election	2 80
Aukins, Lewis, Sheriff election	2 80
Ayers, R. A., keeping Louisa Henry	2 80
Amyx, J. B., 3 days election commissioner	2 80
Arnett, C. D., Judge election	2 80
Burchell, E. G., Supervisor claim	2 80
Brooks, J. L., Judge election	2 80
Byrd, G. C., Clerk election	2 80
Benton, J. F., Judge election	2 80
Brown, Wm., Sheriff election	2 80
Bishop, S. S., goods Celia Marvin	2 80
Barker, T. N., official services	2 80
Blevins, A. F., 2 days Fiscal Court	2 80
Brown, H. B., 2 days Election Commissioner	2 80
Cox, W. C., 1/2 supervising claims	2 80
Cuttell, Ellis, Judge of election	2 80
Cotter, W. A., Clerk of election	2 80
Cassidy, J. B., Judge of election	2 80
Coffee, I. F., Judge election	2 80
Candill, C. P., Clerk of election	2 80
Cisco, H. T., Judge of election	2 80
Caskey, J. W., coal for county	2 80
Cole, J. H., hauling and express on chair spring	2 80
Cox, J. A., goods John Ramland	2 80
Cundiff, H., voting house	2 80
Cantrell, John, blasting on road	2 80
Carroll, T. T., lumber on road	2 80
Carlton, W. G., voting house	2 80
Cottle, John M., conveying prisoners to jail	2 80
Combs, H. C., official services	2 80
Corn, B. M., keeping poor farm	2 80
Civil, Rollie, Judge of election	2 80
Coffee, John W., keeping Lizzie Lembaster	2 80
Dennis, M. T., Judge election	2 80
Davis, J. W., Clerk election	2 80
Daniel, G. F., Sheriff election	2 80
Dennis, S. S., inquest Edna Lacy	2 80
Day, J. H. & Co., locks election boxes	2 80
Day Bros., goods Bill Watson	2 80
Day, James R., coal for county	2 80
Ever, Chess, scraping on road	2 80
Day, Newton, lumber on road	2 80
Davidson, Sam, hauling on road	2 80
Dennis, S. S., committee Sheriff settlement	2 80
Ebam, W. T., Sheriff election	2 80
Ebam, R. M., Clerk election	2 80
Ebam, B. J., Judge election	2 80
Easterling, W. T., Sheriff election	2 80
Eason, T. J., goods for Jane Williams	2 80
Ferguson, Jack, Supervisors claim	2 80
Fain, J. D., Judge of election	2 80
Frasier, Joe, Judge of election	2 80
Freeze, S. M., Judge of election	2 80
Ferguson, M. E., Clerk of election	2 80
Forsman, W. R., drilling well	2 80
Ferguson, Kelley, lumber on road	2 80
Ferguson, S. C., official services, 1911	2 80
Hubbell, Jerome, Judge election	2 80
Guedan, J. T., viewing road 1 day	2 80
Guedan, W. L. & Son, medical services	2 80
Haney, O. W., Supervisor claim	2 80
Henry, Elijah, Sheriff election	2 80
Henry, J. D., Judge election	2 80
Haney, L. P., Judge election	2 80
Howard, J. B., Judge election	2 80
Hammons, J. W., Judge election	2 80
Howard, B. C., Clerk election	2 80
Holbrook, M. F., Clerk election	2 80
Hutchinson, F. M., Clerk election	2 80
Ivey, J. F., Sheriff election	2 80
Ivey, L. P., goods Clay Gaylor	2 80
Jeney, J. L., goods Celia Marvin	2 80
Jeney, J. D. & Co., goods Bill Gibson	2 80
Hamilton, S. D., goods Bob Davis	2 80
Henry, J. D. & Co., goods Bob Davis	2 80
Henry, J. D. & Co., goods John Short	2 80
Henry, J. G., right of way road	2 80
Jones, J. P., official services, 1911	2 80
Jones, Custer, Sheriff election	2 80
Kash, E. P., Clerk election	2 80
Kennard, Frank, Clerk election	2 80
Kendall, Wm., coal and dynamite	2 80
Kelley, Henry, goods Cox children	2 80
Kentucky Black Cannel Coal Co., ammunition on road	2 80
Kendall, J. R., wrongfully assessed	2 80
Kennard, Frank, 2 days Fiscal Court	2 80
Lewitt, J. F., Sheriff election	2 80
Linden, W. H., Judge election	2 80
Lacy, C. R., Sheriff election	2 80
Lykins, W. F., viewing road, 1 day	2 80
Lykins, S. J., account filed	2 80
Lykins, G. V., right of way of road	2 80
Lewis, F. L., hauling on road	2 80
Lewis, J. E., 2 days Fiscal Court	2 80
Maxey, C. C., Clerk of election	2 80
Murphy, D. M., Sheriff election	2 80
Murphy, Harlan, Judge election	2 80
McClain, Harlan, Judge election	2 80
McClure, Jas. H., viewing road, 1 day	2 80
Motley, R. L. & J. P., building bridge	2 80
Manker, W. H., scraped house	2 80
Mayer, K., keeping house rent	2 80
McClain Anty, account filed	2 80
Murphy, Harlan, 2 days Fiscal Court	2 80
Murphy, Nannie, goods for Arbell Trimble	2 80
Nickell, Ren F., Clerk of election	2 80
Nickell, Miles, Sheriff election	2 80
Nickell, J. T., Clerk of election	2 80
Nickell, Strowder, hauling on road	2 80
Nickell, H. H., hauling on road	2 80
Noble, Coley, right of way road	2 80
Oney, John W., viewing road, 1 day	2 80
Oney, Wesley, viewing road, 1 day	2 80
Osborn, Joe T., hauling on road	2 80
Osborn, Joe T., Judge of election	2 80
Peyton, Lee C., Clerk of election	2 80
Prater, J. C., powder and lumber on road	2 80
Prater, Charles, 2 days Fiscal Court	2 80
Risner, K. H., Judge of election	2 80
Rose, Luther, blasting on road	2 80
Rollin, Joe, work on clock	2 80
Sebastian, J. H., Clerk Supervisor claim	2 80
Stamper, T. P., Clerk of election	2 80
Seitz Hardware Co., account filed	2 80
Stack, J. M., transferring prisoners from Breathitt county	2 80
Seizen, Harlen, transferring prisoners from Menifee county	2 80
Seitzer, H. H., official services	2 80
Short, W. G., committee work for county	2 80
Sebastian, J. H., committee Sheriff settlement	2 80
Short, W. G., 2 days Fiscal Court	2 80
Trimble, M. B., Supervisor claim	2 80
Trimble, B. W., ballots for election, 1910	2 80
Tower & Lyon Co., prisoner shackles	2 80
Watson, J. J., viewing road, 1 day	2 80
Walters, A. T., Judge election	2 80
Williams, J. D., Sheriff election	2 80
Watts, Silas, Judge election	2 80
Williams, M. C., Judge election	2 80
Williams, E. C., Judge election	2 80
Walsh, Frank, Judge election	2 80
Williams, L. O., Judge election	2 80
Williams, W. W., Judge election	2 80
Wheeler, Jas. P., Clerk election	2 80
Womack, N. P., 3 days election commissioner	2 80
Womack, C. W., lumber for county	2 80
Wheeler, W. H., Dr. Services in jail	2 80
Walters, Franklin, 1 day Fiscal Court	2 80
Womack & Turner, account filed	2 80
Wells, H. A., hauling on road	2 80
Yocum, Jas. G., goods Wm. Adams	2 80

Regular April, 1911.

NEED A WELL?

If you do you are looking for me. I drill wells and case off surface water. All work guaranteed.

Ed. Day,
West Liberty, Ky.

Blevins, A. T., 3 days Fiscal Court	9 00
Blevins, A. F., overseeing work on road, etc.	50 00
Bradley, Gilbert & Co., account filed for books	65 55
Bryant, J. C., sledge on road	1 00
Brown, H. B., 2 days election commissioner	4 00
Carter, James K., right of way road	30 00
Cox, W. V., right of way road	9 00
Carpenter, Asa, right of way road	15 00
Cochran, E. D., work on jail	5 62
Cassity, R. B., work on jail	5 62
Caldiran, M. A. & N. E., nails on road	

My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North" and other stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Hugo Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington. Just after the writer, he is captured by Eric Mortimer.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great fete and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER IV—Trouble is started over a waltz, and Lawrence is urged by his master, Miss Mortimer, (the Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British army, who agreed to a duel.

CHAPTER VI—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the mob makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII—The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII—Captain Grant and ranger arrive and search the blacksmith's shop in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX—Lawrence joins the minute men who capture Grant and his train.

CHAPTER X—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI—Lawrence's captors lock him in a strong cell, where he meets Peter the jailer.

CHAPTER XII—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some one" will send for him.

CHAPTER XIII—Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV—Lawrence again meets the Lady of the Blended Rose, who informs him that he is in her use and that she was instrumental in the party that attacked and captured him.

CHAPTER XV—The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber where Captain Grant begins a search of the premises.

CHAPTER XVI—After digging his way out, Lawrence finds the place deserted. Evidences of a battle and a dead man across the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII—Col. Mortimer, father of the Lady of the Blended Rose, finds his home in ruins.

CHAPTER XVIII—Capt. Grant insists that Lawrence be strung up at once.

CHAPTER XIX—Miss Mortimer, upon hearing the mystery of the war, and the hold a prisoner, and she again locked in the sitting room.

CHAPTER XX—Lawrence escapes through plans arranged by the Lady and sees Grant attack Miss Mortimer.

CHAPTER XXI—Grant is knocked out by Lawrence, who comes to Miss Mortimer's relief, and then makes his escape.

CHAPTER XXII—Captain Grant's base villainy revealed.

could be best accomplished through Eric. Although in different armies, striving against each other in the field, there must still exist some means of communication between father and son, or if not, then between brother and sister.

With flint and steel I built a small fire of leaves in a cleft beside the road, and fed to the flames one by one the papers from the packet, glancing over each one again to make sure of its contents; all were addressed alike, simply "Mortimer," but upon two I found the word "Elmhurst." It was easy to see how the discovery of such communications would tempt an unscrupulous scoundrel like Grant to use them to injure another, and win his own end, but why had that young Eric failed to destroy them as soon as received?

When the last paper had been reduced to ashes, I stamped out the embers of fire under my boot heel, and, with lighter heart, rode down the hill toward the ford.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Between Love and Duty.

It was already growing dusk when I rode into our lines at Valley Forge. A brief interview with Colonel Hamilton revealed his appreciation of my work, and that my hastily made notes of the Philadelphia defenses had been received twenty-four hours earlier. They had been delivered at headquarters by an officer of Lee's staff; no, not a boyish-looking fellow, but a black-bearded captain whose name had been forgotten. All Hamilton could remember was that the notes had been originally brought in by an Indian scout. Eager to discover Eric Mortimer, I asked a week's release from duty, but there was so much sickness in the camp, that this request was refused, and I was ordered to my regiment.

Busy days and nights of fatigue followed. Washington, watching like a hawk every movement of Sir Henry Clinton in Philadelphia, convinced by every report received that he was about to evacuate the city, bent all his energies toward placing his little army in fit condition for battle. Some recruits were received, the neighboring militia were drawn up, and men were taken from the hospitals, and put back into the ranks as soon as strong enough to bear arms. Inspired by the indomitable spirit of our com-

er, the line officers worked incessantly the welding together of their

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maligning confederates pressed farther north, near convenient crossings of the Delaware, prepared for a forced march across the British line of retreat. Maxwell's brigade, with which I was connected, even crossed the river in advance, co-operating with General Dickinson and his New Jersey militia. All was excitement, commotion, apparently disorder, yet even amid that tumult of approaching battle, Hamilton recalled my request, and granted me two days' leave. His brief note reached me at Coryell's Ferry, and an hour later, I was riding swiftly across the country to where Lee had headquarters.

Not once during all those days and nights had the memory of Claire left me. Over and over in my mind I had reviewed all that had ever occurred between us, striving in vain to guess the riddle. Now I would see and talk with her brother, and perhaps obtain the explanation needed. Yet I have gone into battle with less trepidation than when I rode into Lee's headquarters, and asked his chief-of-staff for Eric Mortimer. He looked at me strangely, as I put the question.

"I should be very glad to oblige you, Major Lawrence," he replied gravely, "but unfortunately I have no present knowledge of the young man."

"But he was attached to General Lee's staff?"

"Only in a way—he was useful to us as a scout because of his intimate knowledge of the Jerseys. His home, I understand, was near Mount Holly."

"What had become of him?"

"All I know is, he was sent out on a special mission, by Washington's own orders, nearly a month ago. We have not directly heard from him since. An Indian brought him a partial report of his operations up to that time; since then we have received nothing."

"An Indian!" I exclaimed. "The same who brought in my notes?"

"I believe so; yes, now that I recall the matter. I had no opportunity to question the fellow; he simply left the papers with the orderly, and disappeared."

"And you have heard nothing from young Mortimer since?"

"Not a word."

"He must be dead, or a prisoner."

The chief smiled rather grimly.

"Or deserted," he added sharply. "I am more inclined toward that theory. He was a reckless young devil, attracted to our service more it seemed to me, by a spirit of dare-devilry than patriotism. Lee thought well of him, but I was always suspicious. He belonged to a family of loyalists, his father a colonel of Queen's Rangers. Did you know him, Lawrence?"

"The father, not the son. But I am not willing to believe evil of the boy. I cannot conceive that treachery is in the Mortimer blood, sir, and shall have to be convinced before I condemn the lad. When did he leave here last?"

"About the middle of May."

"Would you mind telling me his mission? Where he was sent?"

The officer glanced keenly into my

would know, but she was probably long ago back in Philadelphia in the heart of the British garrison. And I? Well, I was tied hand and foot by discipline; helpless to turn aside from duty now in the face of this new campaign. Every man was needed, and no personal consideration would excuse my leaving the ranks even for a day. It was with heavy heart I rode into the camp of my regiment, and lay down on the bare ground, with head pillow upon the saddle, knowing the drums would sound in a few short hours.

It was hard to work through the routine of the next few days, although some excitement was given us of Maxwell's brigade by scouting details sent across the valley to observe the movements of the British patrols. On such duty I passed the greater portion of two days in the saddle, and, by chance, met both Farrell and Duvall, who were with the Jersey militiamen, now rapidly coming in to aid us, as the rumors of an impending battle spread across country. Farrell came at the head of fifty men, rough looking, raggedly dressed fellows, but well armed, and I had a word with him while pointing out where Dickinson's troops were camped. Unfortunately he knew little of value to me. Mortimer's column of Queen's Rangers had passed his place on their return to Philadelphia two days after my escape. Grant was not with them, but Claire was, while Peter had been left behind at Elmhurst. Fagin had not been overtaken, although the Rangers had engaged in a skirmish with some of his followers, losing two men. Colonel Mortimer had been wounded slightly. As to Eric he knew nothing—no one had even mentioned the lad's name.

I was thus clearly evident I could do nothing, although I now possessed a well defined theory of just what had occurred. To my mind Eric was in the hands of Fagin, either hidden securely away among the sand caves for some purpose connected with Grant's treachery, or else with the intention of claiming the reward for his capture offered by Howe. The former probably seemed most likely in view of Grant's failure to return to Philadelphia with Colonels Mortimer, yet there was no reason why the conspirators should not wreak vengeance, and win the reward also. But did Claire know, or suspect the predicament of her brother? If she did, then she was seeking to conceal the truth from her father, but would never remain long inactive in the city. I knew the girl's real spirit too well to believe she would fail for long in learning the boy's fate. And when she did she would act quickly. Perhaps even now she was back at Elmhurst, facing peril in the track of the contending armies, striving to give the lad refuge.

In an agony of apprehension I asked for a scouting detail in that direction, but was sternly refused. Word had come that Clinton was evacuating Philadelphia; that his advance was already across the Delaware. Any moment might bring to our little army orders to press forward to intercept him. I was a soldier, compelled to remain.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Forcing Clinton to Battle.

I was left behind at Coryell's Ferry, for the purpose of hastening forward any supplementary orders from Washington, when Maxwell, and the Jersey militiamen, pressed forward in an effort to retard the march of the enemy. From the reports of scouts we began to understand what was occurring. Before dawn on the eighteenth of June the British army began leaving the city, crossing the Delaware at Gloucester point, and by evening the motley host, comprising Regulars, Hessians, Loyalists, and a swarm of camp followers, were halted near Haddonfield, five miles southeast of Camden.

The moment this knowledge reached Washington, he acted. In spite of opposition from some of his leading officers, his own purpose remained steadfast, and every preparation had already been carefully made for energetic pursuit. Our troops fit for service numbered less than five thousand men, many of those hastily gathered militia, some of whom had never been under fire, but the warmth and comfort of the summer time, together with the good news from France, had inspired all with fresh courage. Whatever dissension existed was only among the cohorts of general officers, the men in the ranks being eager for battle, even though the odds were against us. What means that skirmish line, Farrell? Are we already in touch with Clinton?"

"I was left behind, and came up fast

now with Morgan," I replied. "But I am anxious enough to be with my own fellows. What means that skirmish line, Farrell? Are we already in touch with Clinton?"

"He swept the hair out of his eyes with his great fist.

"No one knows exactly, but the British are not far off, and are headed this way. A scout came through with the news two hours ago—Clinton has taken the road to Monmouth." He chuckled grimly, glancing at my face.

"And who think ye the lad was who told us?"

"Who?" my throat tightening.

"The same who was so anxious about a few days back."

"Mortimer! Eric Mortimer!"

"Aye, unless my eyes fall me already, it was the boy."

"You are sure? You saw him?"

"Well, I had a glimpse, as he came up the bank here from the ford, his horse dripping. It was dark still, and

they were strong, and our hands clasped.

"All right, you water-rats, come on!"

I sang out cheerfully. "We'll give the Red-coats the butts of our guns anyhow."

There was a faint cheer as the drenched figures sprang forward racing after me. Twice we ran up against small parties of horsemen, exchanging shots, but these fell back, leaving the road clear. By dark we were at Englishtown, hungry and thoroughly worn out, and there we halted, sleeping upon our arms. All I had in my haversack was a single hard biscuit, after munching which I lay down upon the ground and fell instantly asleep.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Fight at Monmouth.

The next day—Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June, 1775—dawned with cloudless sky, hot, sultry, the warmest day of the year. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves, and in the tree branches above us birds sang gaily. Before daybreak we, who had been permitted to sleep for a few hours, were aroused by the sentries, and in the gray dawn, partook of a meager breakfast. A fresh supply of ammunition was brought up and distributed among the men, and, before sunrise, we were in line, stripped for a hot day's work, eagerly awaiting orders.

I can make no pretense at describing in any detail, or sequence, the memorable action at Monmouth Court House, but must content myself with depicting what little I saw upon the firing line of Maxwell's brigade. We advanced slowly eastward over a gently rolling country, diversified by small groves. In advance was a thin line of skirmishers, and to left and right were Dickinson's and Wayne's men, their muskets gleaming in the sunlight. Early the rumor crept about among us that Lee had come up during the night with fresh troops, and assumed command.

Who led us was of but small consequence, as there was now no doubt in any mind but what battle was inevitable. Already to the south echoed a sound of firing where Morgan had uncovered a column of dragoons. Then a courier from Dickinson dashed along our rear seeking Lee, scattering broadcast the welcome news that Kniphausen and his Hessians, the van of the British movement, were approaching. With a cheer of anticipation, the soldiers flung aside every article possible to discard, and pressed recklessly forward.

Before we moved a mile our rear was obscured by smoke, and we were halted in the protection of a considerable wood, the men dropping to the ground in the grateful shadow. Maxwell came along back of our line, his horse walking slowly, and a moment later I heard him shouting.

"There he is! Digging his horse with his spurs and lying close."

He only stopped to ask the road.

I knew the voice, and the form—the lad

as slender as a girl—then he went

by me, digging his horse with the spurs,

and lying close. He had a Dragoon's cape flapping from his shoulders, but 'twas the boy all right. Ah!

there go the guns up the bank. Now, perhaps, they'll let me take my fighting dogs across.

The way was open for me, at least, and I swung up into the saddle, and drove my horse down the slippery shore into the water. The stream was not deep, although the current paled swiftly, and a moment later I had found Maxwell.

"Yes," he said to my first question, "we are going to fight, although it may not be anything more serious than skirmishing today. Washington

has decided in spite of Lee, thank

God, and we'll have a go at the Red-coats. Lafayette commands the advance, and Wayne will be up within a few hours. We are to skirmish forward toward Monmouth Court House; Clinton has turned that way."

"You learned that from a scout?"

"Yes; he just came through; one of Charles Lee's men. I understood—a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, who said his name was Mortimer. He had ridden from Cookstown, and was reeling in the saddle, but would go on. Your men are over there, major, beyond the clump of timber. In my judgment we'll accomplish little today, for there is a heavy storm in those clouds yonder."

"How many men will we have when Wayne comes up?"

"About four thousand, with the militia. We are ordered to hang close to Clinton's left, while Morgan circles him to the right. 'Tis said the British have transports, at Sandy Hook, and are trying to get there; that was the word young Mortimer brought in."

"The bath in the water seemed to have helped my horse, but I rode slowly up the valley toward the wood which served as my guide. Before I reached the skirmishers, great drops of rain fell, and then a downpour, utterly blotting out the landscape. Lightning flashed, the thunder unceasing, the rain a flood, water leaped down the side of the hill cascades, and, blinded, I drew my horse back into the slight shelter of the wood, and waited, gripping him by the bit. Men ran back down the hill, seeking shelter from the fury of it, and I bent my head, soaked to the skin. For the first time I realized how tired I was, every muscle aching with the strain of the long night's march, my head throbbing from the awful heat of the early morning. I sat down in the mud and water; my arm through the bridle rein, my head against the trunk of a tree, which partially protected my face from the beating rain. But there was no sleep possible.

My mind pictured the field of action, reviewed the events leading up to this hour, and, as surely, reverted to Claire. I should be dead, or a prisoner?"

"Is it true that Charles Lee thinks we should let Clinton go without fighting?" I asked soberly. "That was reported to me."

"'Tis enough," he answered, his eyes upon the dark column of plodding men. "And he seems to have others with him. I know not what has become of him. I should be dead, or a prisoner?"

"'Tis true," he replied. "And he seems to have others with him. I know not what has become of him. I should be dead, or a prisoner?"

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